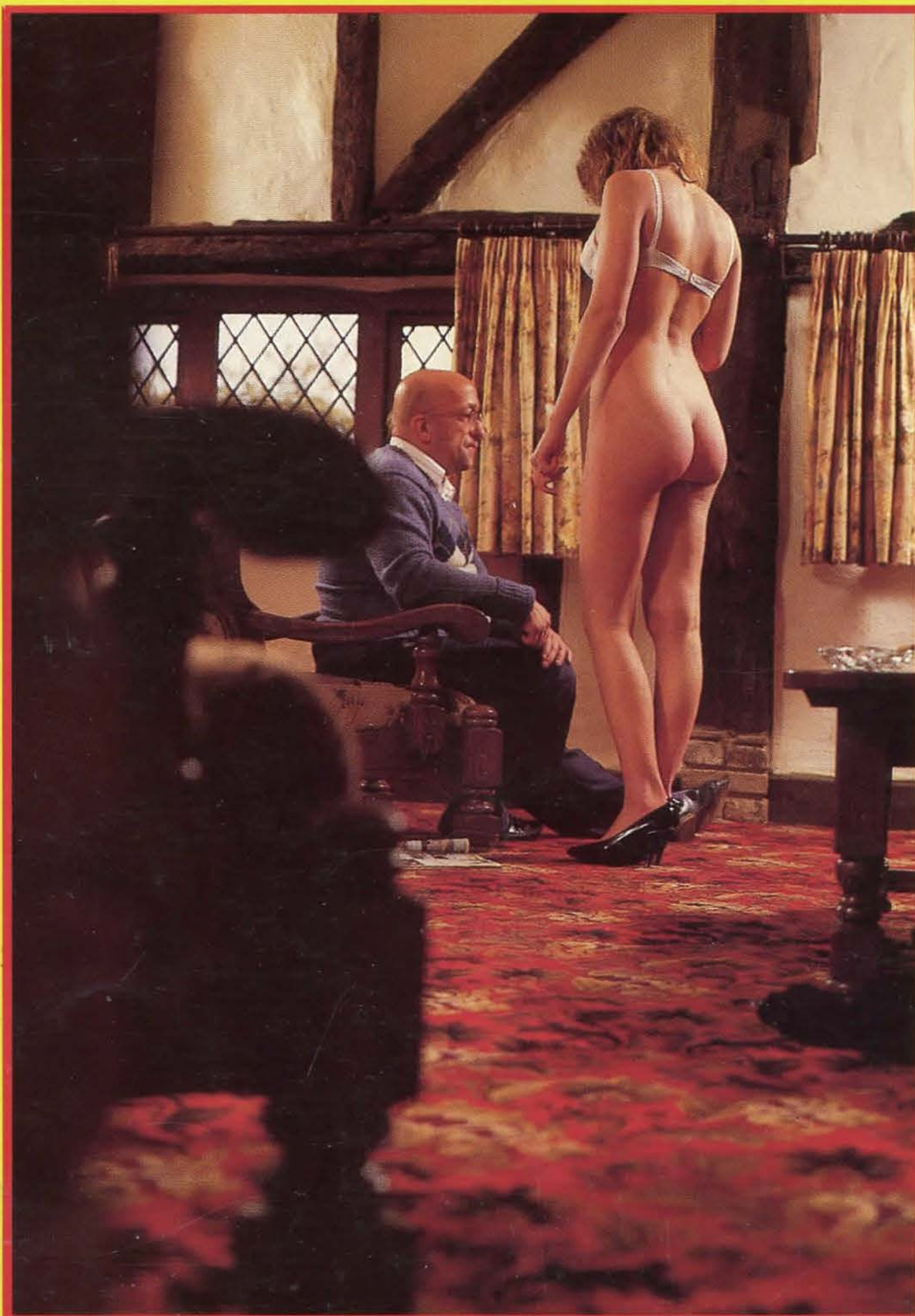


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JULIE GREENAWAY

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TRANS A FEM

dates right back to our honeymoon. I had packed it in one of my suitcases and on that first evening in the hotel, together and alone at last after all the excitement of the nuptial festivities, I took it out and showed Sarah. This was what I was going to use to discipline her. It would be our constant companion, so that we would be a threesome rather than a twosome. She gazed at it with unbelieving eyes. Sarah had never been caned before, I had already ascertained that fact: not her father or anyone else in the family; no one at all. That of course is not so unusual nowadays unlike in earlier times. I had not previously indicated to Sarah that I intended to cane her once she was my wife — although I had made clear I would require discipline. This cane therefore came as a very big shock. I made her hold it, feel its texture in her hands. As, I told Sarah, she would routinely feel its texture on her bare bottom.

I took it from her and said I would start in the morning. I could have begun immediately of course but there was the other thing, what is regarded as the prime purpose of the wedding night: sexual intercourse. I did not want any distraction from that. Sarah was a virgin and it was going to be painful for her. The pain as I took my pleasure and entered her for the first time. She would come to experience pleasure in the act as well, when I allowed her to, but for the moment, at the outset, it was naturally painful and I wanted it to be so. I wanted the pain to fill her mind.

That Sarah was a virgin I knew both from her own word and from a confirmatory examination I had a medical friend of mine carry out. I myself had deliberately refrained from penetrating Sarah before the wedding night and my friend's examination — on his consulting room table, Sarah with her lovely legs spread wide, feet in those stirrups, while I watched — had confirmed that there had been no other penetration; Sarah was intact.

She was aware that it was going to hurt — girls talk about these things of course and I confirmed to her that there was every chance of it hurting when a virgin is taken for the first time. Telling Sarah she was going to be caned — though not that night — gave her something else to juggle in her swimming head. But I am sure it was the immediate prospect that was mostly filling her mind. The seemingly

19 when I married her. I deliberately chose a younger girl (10 years younger than myself) so that I would have someone not yet set in (probably unfortunate) ways, plus also a girl of malleable disposition which I first made sure Sarah was. And as I say I also ensured that my choice was highly attractive to give me pleasure and add to my status (the owner of a prized possession). She is a tallish girl with a rather voluptuous figure: full and firm high breasts, their size emphasised by a slim waist; ripe hips and bottom; splendid long and shapely legs. She has glossy dark-brown hair which I have her wear long in a feminine manner; last but not least she has a beautiful oval face, with big lustrous brown eyes and a full sensuous mouth. These last two features have not infrequently in the past two years been respectively tear-filled and contorted as she struggles with pain.

The tears and the prettily anguished mouth come very largely from one of my main instruments of discipline: a long and whippy yellow rattan cane; a heavy leather two-tongued tawse. I have also used a birch-twigg bundle (a nice old-fashioned item this) cut by myself, and my wide leather belt.

The cane was my original disciplinary instrument and it has served me — and Sarah of course — very well. It

My philosophy of marriage is that you have to make quite clear who is the boss and it has to be made quite clear to a wife what her role and position is. Which is of course that she does exactly what her husband wants, immediately and at all times. Her role is to serve her husband and master, to minister to his needs, to do her utmost to ensure her master's happiness. I realise of course that this out of tune with modern thinking in some quarters but then we all agree that a lot of modern life has gone off the rails. This in my opinion is a major cause. Feminism, so-called equality. All that rubbish.

There is an old saying that a woman's place is in the kitchen getting her husband's meal and in the bedroom serving his sexual needs. Old sayings are frequently full of truth and wisdom and I am sure none more than this one.

She is a tallish girl with a rather voluptuous figure: full and firm high breasts, their size emphasised by a slim waist; ripe hips and bottom; splendid long and shapely legs

My own wife Sarah is a highly attractive young woman, 21 now and

impossibly large organ that had to enter her and somehow be accommodated. Because of course to an inexperienced girl a man's erect

a great deal. I didn't spare Sarah. I took my full pleasure. And moreover I made sure it wasn't quick, deliberately delaying my orgasm.

be at the beginning. First this awful pain, then — when I allowed it — there would be pleasure for her too.



organ **can** seem impossibly large.

And that clearly was how it felt. Impossibly large. It undoubtedly hurt

Extending my pleasure — and of course extending Sarah's pain. She was crying with it but I kept on. Long, deep strokes. This was how it had to

In the morning Sarah said she had hardly slept she was so sore. I uttered some consoling words — but also experienced a hotly renewed



would have her bring it to me whenever I was going to give her a caning. Canings would be for what I considered shortcomings in her behaviour. Anything at all where I thought Sarah hadn't done as well as she might would get her a caning. And right now, on our honeymoon and starting that day, I was going to cane her whether or not I was displeased with her. Simply to give Sarah the experience of it.

This was what I was going to use to discipline her. It would be our constant companion, so that we would be a threesome rather than a twosome

There was a low stool about 14 inches in height, which I placed in the centre of the room. I wanted Sarah kneeling on it with her head and arms down on the carpet

arousal. Ignoring Sarah's protests I took her again. It was clearly just as painful, perhaps even more so, as I once more took my full pleasure. No doubt at that point she felt devastated, unable to believe that sexual intercourse, which I clearly had a strong appetite for, could be anything but torture. When I had finished I gently reminded Sarah of the cane.

I gave Sarah her first caning an hour later. After we had had breakfast (she didn't want to eat but I made her, saying she had to keep up her strength), then a stroll in the hotel grounds for some fresh air and then back to our rooms with the DO NOT DISTURB sign on the door. I again made Sarah take the cane in her hands to get the feel of it. Its hardness, its springiness. In future, I said, I

She began crying. Sarah was of course in a highly emotional state anyway what with the excitement of the wedding and then her agonising defloration. Now this cane. I told her sharply to pull herself together. Any young wife had to be trained: in sex, in discipline, in everything else. If she didn't stop the silly snivelling I **would** be displeased and the caning would be twice as hard, twice as painful. I told Sarah she looked a fright with her

face all red and tear-stained — although in fact I found this show of her distress quite attractive.

Sarah did her best to comply, managing to more or less stop crying. I told her to take off her dress, everything off in fact, and put her shorty nightie on again. that was how I wanted her for the caning. There was a low stool about 14 inches in height, which I placed in the centre of

I again made Sarah take the cane in her hands to get the feel if it. Its hardness, its springiness. In future, I said, I would have her bring it to me whenever I was going to give her a caning

the room. I wanted Sarah kneeling on it with her head and arms down on the carpet. A most humiliating position of course as the canee's bottom and everything else would be blatantly on show. Sarah showed further distress when I indicated how I wanted her, a touch of hysteria in fact. I brusquely pointed out that it wasn't supposed to be enjoyable, it was meant to be unpleasant, humiliating. then I gave her a quick cut across her thigh and a sharp order to get in position.

Sarah, in tears again, complied. I gave her six nice hot stingers. She had some trouble taking them, in fact falling off the stool halfway through in her desperate squirming, writhing, etc. I made her get back of course, so I could complete her quota.

Afterwards I conformed my new wife, telling Sarah she had done well, been very brave, etc — although of course she **hadn't** done particularly well, it had been a bit of a performance. Perhaps all one could expect at the very beginning however. What I found now, as I caressed my hands over Sarah's lovely body and with the excitement of what I had just done, was that I was becoming aroused again. Very randy for her in fact. I told Sarah that I wanted intercourse again.

Sarah yelped out in a panicky way. She **couldn't**, just **couldn't**, not so soon after the last time. Dreadfully sore etc. But I insisted naturally. A

wife must always provide her body when her master requires it. That is what every young wife should be made to learn, as I told Sarah, and I made her cooperate. I made her lie face-down over the edge of the bed. It was the first occasion I had taken Sarah in that position. I took my time again. It was marvellous. I was getting a real taste for Sarah's cunt!

Before the honeymoon was over, though, Sarah had also experienced the marvellous delight that sexual intercourse can be. This was what I wanted as I have said, that Sarah should know the heady pleasure a woman can get from it — but of course that she should only enjoy it when it suited me. After her deliberately harsh and agonising introduction I now had sessions with Sarah that were the complete opposite. Working her up with plenty of foreplay etc, getting her nicely aroused, nice and hot, before I put it in her and then performing with only the thought of Sarah's pleasure and enjoyment in mind. She couldn't believe it, that what was happening was the same thing. At other times I took her as before, hard and without any preliminaries. Making sure Sarah certainly didn't enjoy it. And of course there was always the cane.

Sarah knew that in any situation where she didn't please me there would be the cane. Zipping into her lovely bare buttocks

By the time the honeymoon was over therefore I had my wife's training nicely started. She could experience the heady pleasure of sex, of coming to orgasm, but getting this pleasure was at her lord and master's whim. If she pleased me and it suited me I might give it to her but equally I might simply use her for my own pleasure alone. And in addition Sarah knew that in any situation where she didn't please me there would be the cane. Zipping into her lovely bare buttocks, into the soft and tender backs of her thighs. Yes I had made excellent use of our honeymoon. I had used it as it should be used, to get my new wife started on the right track.

As soon as we got back of course, to what would be our normal life, I built on this good start. I had to return to my business but for the first few weeks I only spent the mornings at my office, getting home at lunch time

so that I could personally supervise Sarah in her housewifely duties. A man's business is important but not more so than his domestic arrangements. Nothing can be more important than getting one's wife properly trained.

One rule I established at that time was that Sarah does her housework in just a thin, brief top and a skimpy pair of tight-fitting knickers. With Sarah's voluptuous figure this makes a most appealing and indeed arousing sight. It also means that the requisite parts of her are ready without delay should an impromptu caning or tawse (I introduced the tawse early on) be deemed necessary. Sarah's tights are quite bare and the tight, thin knicker material containing her bottom will stop none of the sting of whatever instrument I decide upon — though I may in any case take the skimpy knickers down. Needless to say Sarah hates having to do her housework dressed like this. Apart from anything less it is humiliating in the extreme.

Sarah is made to wear the 'housework uniform' all the time when she is at home during the day and not just when I am there. Should someone come to the door she is permitted to put a dressing gown on; well, I am well aware that Sarah is highly attractive and I don't want an over-excited postman or milko jumping on my wife and giving her an impromptu fuck. What she's got is for my pleasure, not a randy milk-roundsman's. Which is not to say that it's not mine to give out a sample of it I feel so inclined. (And I have. More than once in fact.)

Although Sarah hates wearing the 'housework uniform' she wouldn't dare not wear it in my absence. There is always the chance I might make an unscheduled return home; but in any case I now have Sarah sufficiently well-trained that thinking to disobey me would not enter her mind.

The housework uniform is worn until I get home, at about 6.30. As soon as I get in Sarah brings me a pre-dinner drink which I have in my favourite armchair. Sometimes I will let her join me with a drink as well, but at other times she will simply act as if she were a waitress — indeed a very subservient waitress because I will require her to kneel at the side of my chair. Following this Sarah will go up and change for the evening.

What she wears of course is strictly my decision and there is a range of possibilities depending on my whims, what I think is suitable, etc. I may for instance decide on a glamorous evening dress, cocktail or full-length; alternatively I might have her in only sexy underwear: a black bra and brief black knickers with nylons and a suspender belt and high heels; it could even be just the suspender belt and nylons and heels. Whatever the outfit I will usually have Sarah wearing lots of make-up: her full mouth bright red or glossy pink, her huge eyes heavily made-up, lots of blusher. So that she rather resembles a living doll. I like to think of Sarah as my living doll; a doll that is programmed to think only of me and my pleasure.

The fact that there will be guests does not mean that Sarah won't be in, say, just her underwear. I will simply explain to our guests the situation if they are not already aware of it; that it is part of Sarah's training

As for our evenings we may spend them at home alone, when I can work on some aspect of Sarah's training (training is something which is never fully completed), or it might be that we have guests, friends or acquaintances, either for a meal or perhaps bridge, etc. The fact that there will be guests does not mean that Sarah won't be in, say, just her underwear. I will simply explain to our guests the situation if they are not already aware of it; that it is part of Sarah's training. If our guests are a married couple I will certainly advise the husband that he should have a similar regime for his wife. To demonstrate matters further I might take Sarah over my lap in front of them, to pull down her skimpy knickers and administer a spanking. Or indeed give her a taste of the cane.

To keep Sarah on tenterhooks I will only say at the last moment what I have decided for a particular evening. I may also spank or cane her at a friend's house

I follow the same routine if we are going out. Thus if we are visiting friends Sarah **might** be allowed to

wear one of her lovely dresses, or equally it might be only her underwear under her coat (which she has to remove when we arrive). To keep Sarah on tenterhooks I will only say at the last moment what I have decided for a particular evening. I may also spank or cane her at a friend's house. All of this of course is extremely hateful to Sarah — but I tell her it is all excellent training.

One other thing worth mentioning is that from time to time I let Sarah go out in the evening with a friend of mine, Gavin. He has a similar philosophy regarding the place of women. He is not married at present but is looking round for a suitable young woman. Anyway I have told him he is welcome to borrow Sarah for an evening and he will occasionally take her out to the theatre say, or have her round at his flat. Gavin is keen on the cane and strap where young women are concerned and will routinely give Sarah a good going over on these evenings.

It is also accepted that Gavin is free to have sex with Sarah on these occasions and he usually does. Having had a strict upbringing (in the moral sense) Sarah hates this as much as anything else but she has to agree. I tell her she is doing it as a

mark of her love and submission to me. I should add perhaps, in case I give the wrong impression, that I don't go hawking Sarah round in a promiscuous manner. The only other man I have allowed to have her is my medical friend, Michael, the one who checked on Sarah's virginity for me.

I think she is best when I have just given her a caning, it seems to add an urgency to her lovemaking which is an added bonus

And so, as they say, to bed. Sarah is very good and expert in bed now. She is a naturally voluptuous girl and I have taught her how to use her lovely body to give me the utmost pleasure. I think she is best when I have just given her a caning, it seems to add an urgency to her lovemaking which is an added bonus. I also enjoy her very much after she's been out for the evening with Gavin. A theatre visit perhaps but after that Gavin will have taken Sarah back to his flat to use the cane on her. And Sarah has also reluctantly had to have sex with him as well. Yes my lovely wife is especially enjoyable then.

THE END





Discipline: systematic training in obedience to regulations and authority; punishment or chastisement; to improve or attempt to

improve the behaviour by training, conditions or rules; to punish or correct. (Collins).

* * *

DISCIPLINE FOR JULIE GREENAWAY



The mounding hand takes a grip of one cheek. Mr Renby shaking his head. 'No, I think we must do it my way. So if you'll please ... slip your skirt off.'

The hand has a final squeeze and lets go. Mr Renby's words hang in the still, slightly stifling air of his study like palpable things. Hanging, floating over his desk. **Please ... slip ... your ... skirt ... off ...** Fat, buoyant words and if she could perhaps reach out and take them, put them somewhere, somewhere dark, Mr Ranby's desk drawer perhaps, then they would lose their power. But she can't do that, Mr Renby would see her take them.

'Yes. Yessir.' Snapping her mind back into focus. She has no choice but to do it. Mr Renby doesn't like protests, arguments. He is going to cane her.

Julie's hands going to her skirt's fastening on her hip. The hook-and-eye and the zipper. Her hands fumbling for a moment, then the skirt sliding down. Over the full ripe swell of her hips, her bottom. Underneath are brief white knickers, tight over the swelling flesh, semi-transparent; and a white suspender belt, its slim straps stretching tautly to grip the darker rims of her beige stockings. Mr Renby doesn't approve of tights.

Julie steps out of the skirt, left sensible brown shoe and then the right. Standing erect again, not sure what to do with her skirt, holding it dangling from her left hand.

His eyes are on Julie's brief, tight knickers. Which are especially tight over the bulge of her sex

Mr Renby eyes her. He has swivelled his chair round so that now he is fully facing her. His eyes on her boobs under the tight blouse which are more prominent now with her agitated breathing. But more particularly his eyes are on Julie's brief, tight knickers. Which are especially tight over the bulge of her sex. He gazes ... and then he says matter-of-factly:

'Now the knickers. Now slip your knickers down. They don't have to come right off. Just down to your stocking tops.'

Julie gives a little gasp. Her colour deepening. She is already pink in the

In that case, Miss Greenaway, you should be able to do it without prompting. And if you did that, did what you knew was wanted, you would obviously get on much better. Without ... ah ... incidents.

Mr Renby's hand slides up. To Julie's bottom. Mounding the full swell of her buttocks under the tweed skirt. 'I don't suppose you enjoy being caned?' Mmm?

'No Sir.' The words coming out in a little sibilant gasp. With also of course the hand at her bottom. Wanting to slide away from it but that naturally would do nothing to help matters. She wants to gasp out that she has done nothing that warrants a caning but that also would not help.

'No. But there are times, Miss, when ... it is necessary. Not perhaps for one individual action or item but ... more an accumulation. Your **attitude**, Julie. It could be much better.'

That doesn't sound like anything much. She wants to blurt out: What then? What have I done? But that won't help either.

Caning her across the seat of her brief, skin-tight knickers as she bent over his desk

Julie has had it. Once. The cane, from Mr Renby. It was quite devastating. The horrendous pain of it. And also the shock, the outrage. That at 18 it could be happening, that Mr Renby could be doing it. Caning her. With her skirt off. Caning her across the seat of her brief, skin-tight knickers as she bent over his desk. The thought of that again ... Julie can feel herself trembling.

'Yes Miss.' The hand is still mounding her bottom. As if assessing its ability to take a caning. As if assessing perhaps just how firmly he should bring that powerfully muscled arm into play.

'Yes. So what I thought ... was that you should be given something ... to improve your all round attitude. Or to see if it **does** improve it. A good firm caning.'

'No ...' The word popping out of the soft pink mouth as a breathy gasp. More words tumbling quickly after it. 'No Sir! I won't ... I mean I don't ... I don't need it. Really ... I will ... improve!'

'Ah come in. It's ... ah ... Julie isn't it? Julie ... green fields ...'

'Greenaway Sir,' she says. Mr Renby can be like that, appearing vague about names. But he knows who you are alright. Probably it is all a ploy, to catch you out, catch a girl on the hop. A good-looking one of course. And then ... he can pounce.

'Yes of course. Close the door then. And come over here.'

Julie is not wearing a cardigan and her tighish cream blouse shows the firm thrust of her full breasts

Julie Greenaway is a good-looking one. A pretty girl with curling chestnut-with-auburn-highlights hair and big brown eyes to match, plus a tallish and shapely figure in the well-cut skirts and plain cardigans and blouses that are mostly worn here at the College. On this warm May afternoon Julie is not wearing a cardigan and her tighish cream blouse shows the firm thrust of her full breasts. Mr Renby's eyes are on them as she steps towards him. Their gently jogging motion indicates a lightweight bra but nothing else under the crisp thin cotton. There is nothing vague about Mr Renby's eyes as he takes in Julie's gently restrained boobs, and the neat pastel-mixture tweedy skirt and elbow it the shapely legs which show the sheen of nylon and end in sensible brown shoes.

'Closer,' Mr Renby says and reaches to take a pinch of her skirt in finger and thumb

'Round here,' he says, indicating a spot next to him, and Julie obediently goes round the desk. 'Closer,' Mr Renby says and reaches to take a pinch of her skirt in finger and thumb. She stumbles slightly as he tugs, pulling her in close.

'That's better. I like a girl to be right here when I've got something to say to her. You know that, don't you Julie?'

'Yes Sir,' Mr Renby's hand is patting the back of her thigh. Yes she knows it. Julie has been here before. Mr Renby is forttyish, big and heavily built. He is in shirt-sleeves, his suit jacket hanging on the back of his chair, and it is not difficult to imagine the heavy muscles in his shoulders and arms. In the arm of the hand which is now squeezing the back of Julie's thigh.



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face, from having to take her skirt off and no doubt also the prospect of being caned on her bottom, across the tight seat of her knickers. But now ... this wholly shocking extra dimension. Mr Renby is intending to cane her with her knickers down. Cane her bare bottom.

She has heard whispers that Mr Renby has done this, but never any direct account, and it is generally assumed to be just that: Whispers, rumours. Because he **couldn't** do it. You **can't** take a girl's knickers down. And cane her bare bottom. No.

But Mr Renby is going to. It is clear from what he has said. It is clear also from his face — when Julie takes a quick glance to meet his gaze and then looks quickly away. Yes, he means it.

'Are you going to take them down, Miss? Or do you want me to?'

A strangled sound jerks from Julie's mouth as her hands move to comply. Thumbs hooking in the waistband of her knickers on either hip and sliding them down. Looking straight ahead, beyond Mr Renby to the window where a tree in full leaf can be seen. Trying not to think of Mr Renby. As her hands slide the knickers right down, to where Mr Renby said, the tops of her stockings.

Mr Renby's eyes of course are intent on one thing. That neat bush of curling brown hair at the tops of Julie's thighs. The thrusting hair-covered mound of her sex. And maybe possibly his intent eyes can see at the underside of the mound ... where her actual business begins. The indentation, the front of her slit, clearly showing in the hair. Can he?

She must stand here and let him see everything. And the more embarrassing and awful it is the better

She stands trembling, her hands at her sides, her skirt now on the end of Mr Renby's desk, wanting of course to bring her hands in front, over what Mr Renby is taking his good long look at. But of course she can't do that. That would be the non-cooperation Mr Renby is talking about. She must stand here and let him see everything. And the more embarrassing and awful it is the better. Trying to concentrate on that tree. What is it? An oak?

'Look at me, Miss. I want you looking

at me, not trying to pretend this isn't happening.'

Her eyes blink as they meet Mr Renby's gaze. 'I can sense that you are still defiant, Julie. Which is why you have to be caned.'

'No ... No I'm not, Sir. Really ...'

'Turn round. And come closer.'

She gives a little shuddering moan as a hand takes hold of it.

Doing it. Turning, and shuffling back a step. At least he can't now stare at her bare pussy but ... there is now Julie's bare bottom. Now full in his line of vision. And not only vision. She gives a little shuddering moan as a hand takes hold of it. Mr Renby's hand on her bare bottom. Cupping one quivering nude cheek. Still holding it Mr Renby is getting to his feet.

'Yes Miss. Well, I'm not going to cane you now. You'll probably be pleased to hear that. But instead ...'

Mr Renby is not going to cane her now. He has made her take her skirt off herself like this presumably to embarrass and humiliate her. And scare her. Also no doubt for his own pleasure. But ... she is not going to be caned now.

Julie's spinning head struggles to take this in. And take in what else Mr Renby is saying. While behind her his hand is still at her bottom. Squeezing and jiggling the nude cheeks.

For Julie's own benefit the exercise will remain strictly confidential

Is she listening carefully? Mr Renby asks. And then tells her. Julie is to be caned by several people. Several men of course. There is the Chairman of the Governors. And two other Governors. And of course Mr Renby himself. The series of canings has been arranged as a major character improving exercise. The canings will take place on a number of consecutive weekends. Beginning this coming weekend. For Julie's own benefit the exercise will remain strictly confidential — because clearly a girl would not wish it to appear on her record. Equally of course Julie herself will wish to be careful not to mention anything about it.

'Is that clear?' Mr Renby standing

close behind Julie with his hands still playing with her bare bum. She doesn't answer. Words won't come. Her mind is struggling to take it in.

* * *

Upstairs in the little bedroom Julie begins to do what she has been told. What Mr Corfurd, Chairman of the Governors, told her downstairs. He is down there now, in the sitting room. Waiting for her. 'Shall we say ten minutes, young lady? Yes, be back down here in ten minutes. Julie dear.'

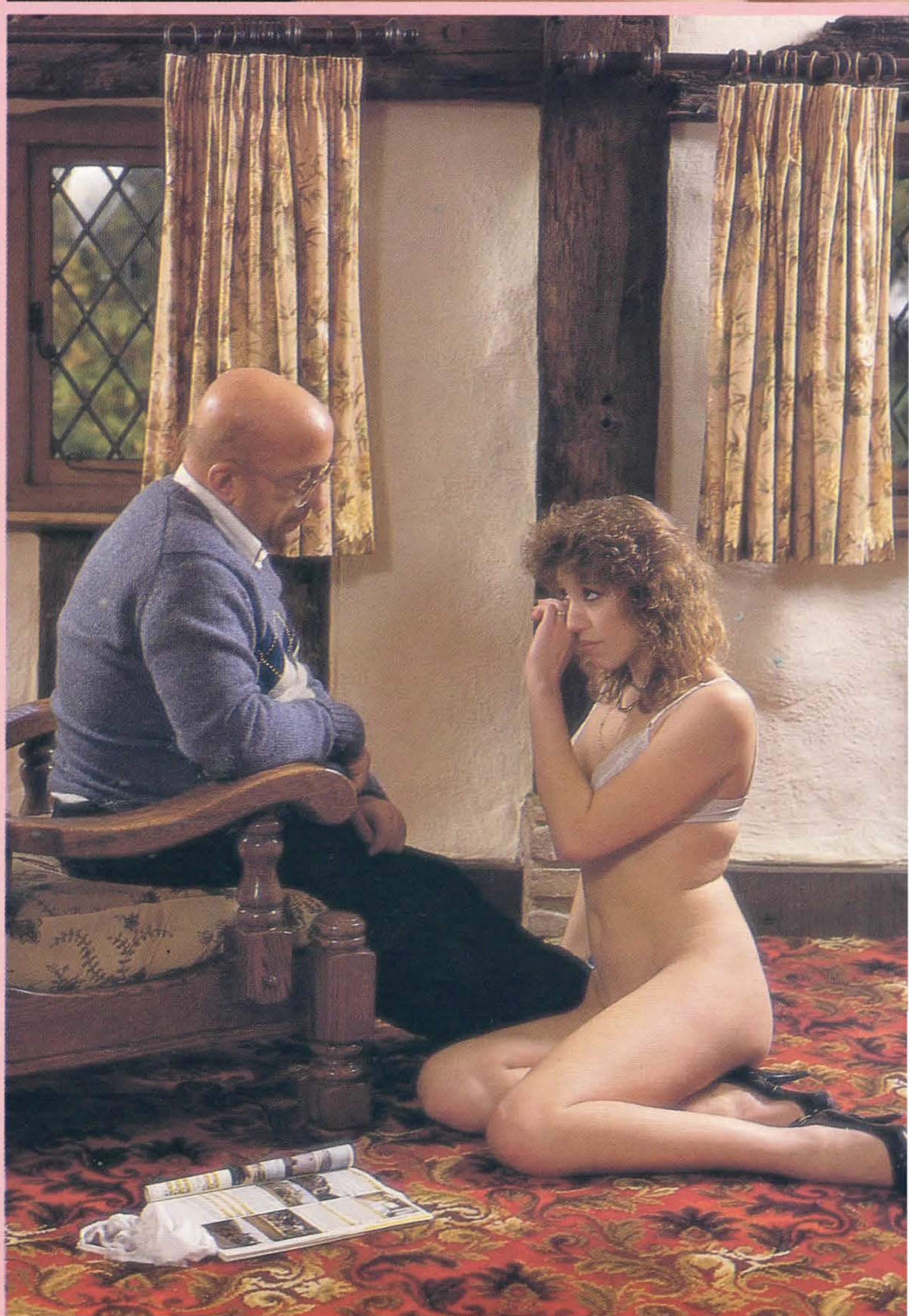
'You will do precisely as you are told of course,'

It is Saturday morning. The first after that sickening interview with Mr Renby. When he made Julie take her skirt off and her knickers down and then fondled her bare bottom. And told her about the programme of weekend visits. This is the first, on this Saturday morning, to Mr Corfurd. 'You will do precisely as you are told of course,' Mr Renby said. 'For Mr Corfurd and indeed for any of the others. That is part of the test programme. Testing that you are capable of discipline and obedience.'

Has anyone else ever had this dreadful business? Having to report for a series of visits like this with the object of the exercise each time to cane a girl's bottom? It is impossible to believe — but equally it is impossible to believe that she, Julie Greenaway is having to do it but nonetheless she is. She is here and she is ... having to take off all her clothes.

And no one else would have talked about it, if they **did** have it. Naturally. So there was no way of knowing. Julie certainly hasn't told anyone, there is **no way** she could tell anyone. She has been vague about what she is doing this morning. She hasn't said anything about Thursday either, about what happened at her appointment with Mr Renby. Sarah, her friend, knew she had to see him but Julie simply said afterwards that she got a ticking off. 'Should work harder,' she said, with difficulty keeping her voice even.

And Steve, her boyfriend, doesn't even know about the visit to Mr Renby. Julie is seeing Steve this afternoon. After she gets back from here, Mr Corfurd's place. It is on the edge of town and she rode her bike. She doesn't think anyone she knew saw her — but even if someone did see



her cycling here they wouldn't know what for. They wouldn't now what she is doing now. Oh Christ!

She is ready. Or at least Julie is how Mr Corfurd wants her. Oh Christ. Just do it. Go out of this little room which looks over Mr Corfurd's garden and down the stairs. No one else is here. Just Mr Corfurd downstairs in the sitting room.

Through the open door she sees him sitting in his armchair. Julie has seen Mr Corfurd before, knew who he was but hadn't met him. A girl wouldn't normally meet the Chairman of the Governors. Not normally. Only on a private visit like this. A secret visit. Mr Corfurd is a very recognisable figure: not tall, with a completely bald head and glasses. He has been looking at a magazine but it is now on the carpet by his chair. He looks up.

'Ah Julie.'

Mr Corfurd wants her. With her white bra still on and her black high heels but nothing else

She steps forward on shaking legs. Julie is how Mr Corfurd wants her. With her white bra still on and her black high heels but nothing else. Her skirt and blouse and the rest of her things have all been taken off. They are upstairs on the bed in that little room.

'Come here then. Let me have a look at you.'

Making herself go closer. To stand close in front of him. With her hands at her sides. Although of course Julie's hands desperately want to slide in front of her to cover her bush, her pussy. As they did when Mr Renby made her take her knickers down. Her face flushing, her body feeling little pin-pricks of perspiration. Mr Corfurd is of course looking at her pussy.

'Good girl. It's a discipline test of course. Having to take your clothes off. Mr Renby said you were in need of discipline. So many young people are nowadays of course. But he thought you especially.'

Mr Corfurd's eyes are shiny behind the glasses. His tongue moistens his mouth. 'Mr Renby thinks you should be caned. I believe he told you that. Something that will make you stop and think. Of your responsibilities. A good caning should do that. Mmm? Or a good smacked bottom. I don't

suppose an 18-year-old girl enjoys having her bare bottom smacked. Mmm?'

Julie shakes her head. Desperately wanting to put her hands in front of herself but of course she can't. She must stand like this. Hands straight at her sides. Showing Mr Corfurd her pussy.

'A spanking ... mmm ... is perhaps not as painful as a caning. But ... mmm ... as I say I don't suppose a girl likes it. Bending over a man's lap. Her bare bottom being given the treatment. Mmm?'

Julie doesn't answer. It sounds pretty sickening. Maybe as bad as a caning. Mr Corfurd reflectively chews his lip. 'Come down here. On your knees at the side. Where I can see you better.'

On her knees on the carpet. Julie feels a bit as if she is going to burst into tears. The feeling increases when Mr Corfurd reaches out to cup her chin. Lifting her face so that she has to meet those eyes behind the glasses. The thought of his hand spanking her bare bottom is sickening. And Mr Corfurd is only the start. There is the other one, Mr Gannon. And then Mr Renby, he is going to want to do it,

cane her probably. And then ... probably all of them wanting more, more visits. Repeats.

'Yes.' Mr Corfurd's creamy, gloating voice 'We'll try the spanking. Warm up your bottom with a good brisk spanking. I'm sure that will be a good start. Come on then.'

Hefting her forward. His hand gripping the ripe near-side cheek. Fingers sliding in and underneath

Mr Corfurd reaches to hook a finger in the front of Julie's bra, between the cups. Pulling her to him. Julie comes forward off of her knees, to slide across his lap. Mr Corfurd's hand is immediately at her bottom. Hefting her forward. His hand gripping the ripe near-side cheek. Fingers sliding in and underneath. She lets out a yell.

'Good girl.' The hand slides right in between Julie's legs. She yelps and squirms.

'Good girl,' Mr Corfurd murmurs again. 'Just keep still' His fingers are at her pussy.

* * *



NEW GIRL FOR THE CLIENTS



Diane was standing by the chair and in others bent over it. In most of the bent-over shots her white knickers were pulled down to expose the full pale globes of her bottom.

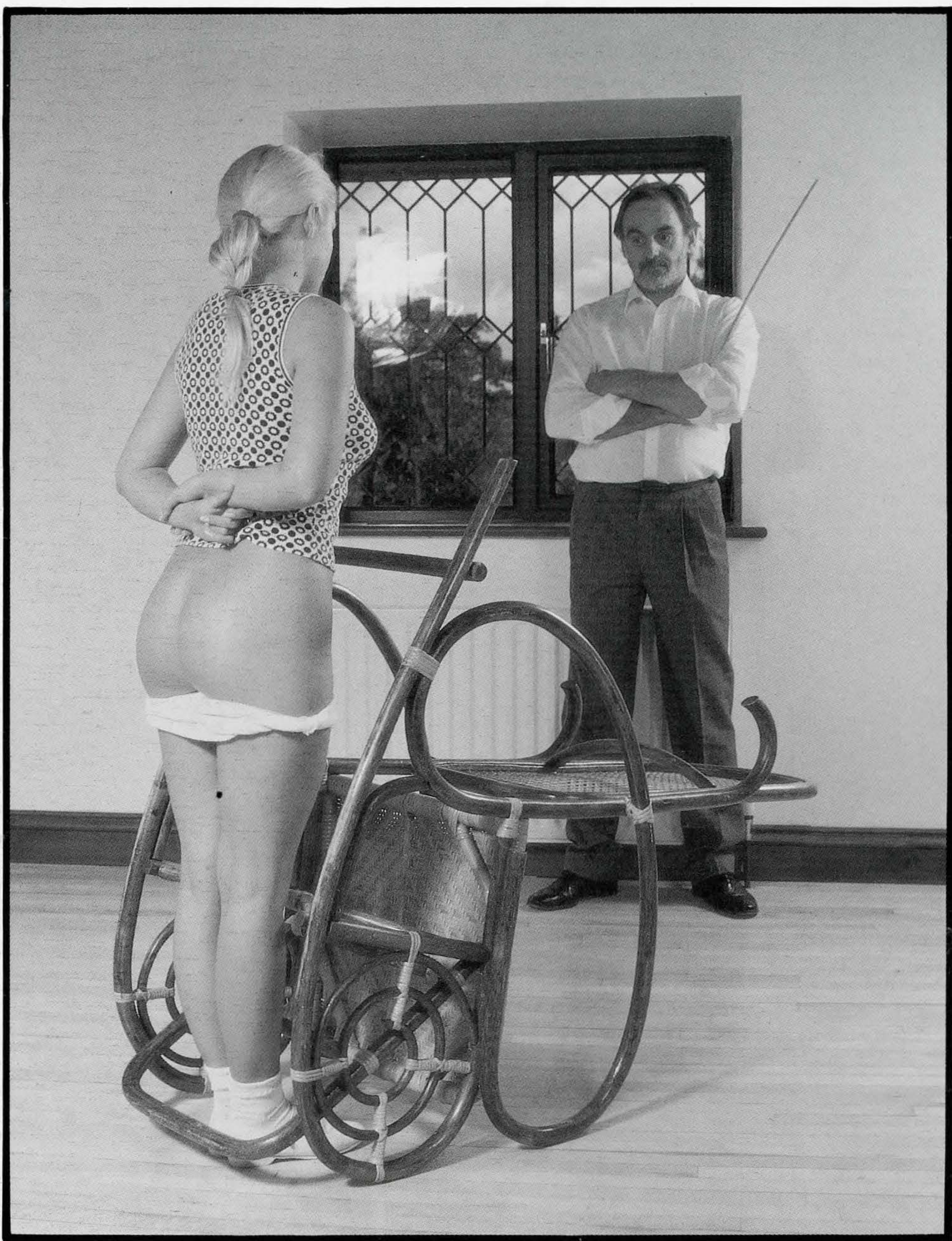
The photographs which Mr Renver spread out on his desk showed Diane with a middle-aged man and a rather elaborate bamboo rocking chair, though the latter was not immediately recognisable as such because it was upside-down. Diane was wearing just a sleeveless top and white knickers. The man, in shirt-sleeves, was holding a cane. In some of the shots Diane was standing by the chair and in others bent over it. In most of the bent-over shots her white knickers were pulled down to expose the full pale globes of her bottom. In the last two shots these pale globes bore bright red cane marks.

The photographs were 8 by 10 colour shots of excellent professional quality, holding every nuance of detail and skin tone. They were the sort of quality that would be demanded by an affluent client prepared to pay good money for his chosen, and perhaps also obsessive, hobby. Such as this Mr Galway who was in the photos.

'Nice aren't they?' Mr Renver, standing next to Diane, said sliding his arm round her waist. The subject of the photographs was this afternoon not displaying either her knickers or her nude bottom but was somewhat more formally attired in a pretty full-skirted knee-length blue-and-white dress with navy high heels. Diane slipped nervously away from Mr Renver's grasp. She had just stopped briefly by his office to inquire about another engagement and was in fact due to meet her boyfriend Derek in ten minutes time. So apart from anything else there was no time for anything that Mr Renver's hand might indicate.

He didn't immediately pursue her but asked, 'What about that friend of yours. Mandy wasn't it? A lovely blonde you said, with marvellous boobs. Though I'm sure no better than your own excellent ones.'

Diane said, 'Oh yes.' Ignoring the matter of the respective merits of their boobs, she pictured in the photos on Mr Renver's desk not herself but instead a girl with indeed stunning long ash-blond hair. Either in a ponytail or perhaps even more stunningly loose. Yes her friend Mandy, who had been tentatively sounded out by Diane about doing some modelling.



But it was fair to say Mandy had not been given a true indication of what was required. She certainly had not for instance been shown a range of shots such as now lay on Mr Renver's desk. No, there had been no mention of Mandy baring her bottom, or indeed appearing in just her knickers and a top. If there had been Diane was pretty sure Mandy would turn the idea down flat. Whereas she hadn't, she was quite keen on the idea. And Diane was very keen that Mandy **should** get into it.

'I've spoken to her again,' Diane said. 'She's interested alright but I told you I've got to take it carefully. I mean she certainly wouldn't consider some of those shots.'

'Not at the moment, eh? A softly-softly approach. But that's what the clients really like. A nice girl who's

shy of showing what she's got. At least at first. Just like our very lovely Diane. Mmm ..?'

Mr Renver's arm had come back round Diane's waist and this time she didn't twist away. Partly because her thoughts were on Mandy. Mandy posing for sweet-girl shots. And then once she had started inevitably being persuaded to do what Mr Renver and the clients would term more 'interesting' poses. Such as those of herself now displayed on the desk. And no doubt even more 'interesting' ones. Ones which commanded a higher fee. Such as some of those other ones which Diane had posed for.

Diane had also been scared and shocked at first. Scared of being caned certainly. Scared and also shocked at the thought of having her

bare bottom photographed. Because someone she knew might see them for one thing. Her mother. Or her friends. Derek! But the thought then became a bit of a turn-on. (Derek at least, it wasn't much of a turn-on thinking of her mother seeing some of those shots.)

Those shots some of them always wanted, posed bent right over with her legs spread – or upside-down with again her thighs spread wide.

Yes it could be a turn-on, posing for a strange man. An older man with money. Stripping off. Letting him see her splendid big boobs. Or her full-cheeked bottom. And also her pussy. Those shots some of them always wanted, posed bent right over with her legs spread – or upside-down with again her thighs spread wide. Yes it could be a turn-on alright – whereas at the beginning she would simply have recoiled in shock.

And what was perhaps even more of a turn-on was the thought of her friend Mandy doing the same. Mandy who was more sweetly innocent than she herself had ever been. Or at least Mandy liked to come on that way. Mandy being caned! Mandy posing to show a strange man her precious pussy!!

'Don't .. I've got to go ...'

Mr Renver's hand was of course busy. No longer round Diane's waist, it was now working at the ripe cheeks of her bottom. Fondling and jiggling them. Wanting to get her interested or if not interested at least ready to accept whatever he wanted.

I've got loads of blokes who can't wait to focus their lenses on her. On that lovely bum.

'You need this lovely bum smacked Diane! For not working harder on that sweet Mandy. I've got loads of blokes who can't wait to focus their lenses on her. On that lovely bum she doesn't want to show.'

'I've really got to go,' she breathed. I'm due to see Derek.'

But Diane's voice was not too convincing. Mr Renver knew she was turned-on at the thought of Mandy

doing it. And she was also turned-on at the thought of Derek. The thought that she was due to see him in ten minutes time ... and here she was being groped by Mr Renver.

'Don't!'

But he was taking her knickers down. Both his hands up under her full skirt. Diane was wearing nylons and a suspender belt and Mr Renver's hands briefly explored these, and her bare upper thighs, and then the two hands were at her knickers, tugging them down. Had she subconsciously worn a full-skirted dress to facilitate something like this? Knowing she might be persuaded by Mr Renver into something just before meeting Derek?

Still making little protesting sounds she was allowing it to happen. Holding on to the edge of his desk as Mr Renver carefully pushing the photos to one side. Then letting herself be pushed face-down over the desk. Her knickers were down at her nylon tops and Mr Renver was pulling her skirt up round her waist. His hand stroking her bare bottom sending shivers through Diane. Stroking and the spanking.

She yelped, though the spanking wasn't really hard. Not the way some of his clients liked to hit you. She thought of Mandy getting this ... and also of Derek. If Derek knew of her modelling assignments.

There were some harder spanks ... and then his hand slid in between Diane's thighs. At her pussy. She was wet alright. Wet and ready. Or at least her pussy was. Ready for Mr Renver's stiff cock. But she couldn't let him do it now ... She was probably already late for Derek!

He was sliding her knickers on down, to her ankles. To get her knees farther apart to give himself proper access.

She was protesting but of course Mr Renver wasn't taking any notice. He was sliding her knickers on down, to her ankles. To get her knees farther apart to give himself proper access. And then it was there. The big swollen head of it nosing in the wet lips of her pussy. She shuddered as it slid up into her. Thinking of Derek ... And then Mandy. Was that the ultimate turn-on: imagining Mandy

here getting Mr Renver's prick?

Or was it even more of a turn-on thinking of her getting a really vicious caning from one of the clients? Mandy not being able to refuse because of shots she'd already posed for. And having to take a **real whipping**.

That was the thought which brought Diane to her big climax. The heady picture of Mandy bent double over that upturned rocking chair. With her legs spread to show her pussy ... and someone, Mr Galway say, really belting the cane in. Really **scorching her lovely bum**.

* * *

Diane was still feeling turned-on when she saw Derek. Red-faced a bit from hurrying to meet him and then the breathless apologies for being half an hour late. Saying her boss had wanted to see her at the last moment and she couldn't get away. But red-faced also from the encounter with Mr Renver. From that vigorous fucking he had given her. Yes still turned-on enough so that she could have fucked Derek. And Derek of course wanted to, after he had got over his annoyance at her lateness. Half an hour!

They drove out and parked and, yes, Derek wanted to fuck alright. But though Diane felt like it she couldn't, it wasn't convenient, not in her smart dress – though of course she **had** been fucked by Mr Renver in the dress. But as she **was** turned-on still Diane did take Derek's cock out. Gave him a wank. With her hand, and also briefly taking it in her mouth.

Derek really went for that and she wouldn't always do it. But Diane **was** still feeling hot. From Mr Renver and also thinking about Mandy. She was going to see Mandy later in the evening, and it was high time she put the squeeze on her friend. Mr Renver was pressing for it and she herself was keen for it. It was time for Mandy to get some action.

* * *

Mandy first took her knickers down for the camera two weeks later. The client was the same Mr Galway who took the pictures of Diane with the rocking chair, which Mr Renver showed Diane before fucking her over the desk in his office. In fact the same rocking chair was used as a





prop in these first shots of Mandy with her knickers down.

She was wearing a sleeveless top and a skirt. Looking really lovely with just a little make-up on and her shimmering ash-blonde hair in a ponytail. Mandy posed with the rocking chair in the skirt and then without the skirt, in virginal-white knickers. As she had done at the previous session. But now this time was persuaded to take the knickers down and show her bare bottom to the camera's eager lens. Mr Galway had been very keen for the bare-bottom shots the last time, but Mandy had refused.

Mandy was persuaded to shyly show her bare bottom to Mr Galway's camera. No frontal shots showing her pussy hair of course. And certainly no shots of her bending over with her legs open to allow the camera a spicy view.

But this time after talking to Diane again Mandy reluctantly acquiesced. Diane, it appeared, did bare-bottom shots. They were of course only for Mr Galway's own private collection and no one else was going to see them. And if he really wanted them ... well, it was only a bit of a joke, wasn't it? And Mr Galway did have contacts for fashion work which was what Mandy really wanted. So eventually Mandy was persuaded to shyly show her bare bottom to Mr Galway's camera. No frontal shots showing her pussy hair of course. And certainly no shots of her bending over with her legs open to allow the camera a spicy view of her cunt. Mr Galway didn't even suggest those shots, not yet. Nor was any mention of the cane made yet, although Mr Galway was a very keen caner of girls. And he could really hardly wait to get to work with his cane.

But yes, he **could** wait. Just a little while longer. Because it wouldn't be long at all now, with this really stunning tall and big-titted blonde. Now he had the shots of her bare bum ... he would be able to get all the rest. Very shortly he **would** be able to cane that delicious ripe-cheeked bum which he was now shyly being allowed to see.

Two days later Mandy was told that something unfortunate had happened. The bare-bottom prints

had been taken from Mr Galway's office. Even more unfortunately he had reason to believe that the cheeky shots were in the possession of a person who would like to use them, for private distribution and maybe also in a magazine.

Clearly this could be very embarrassing for Mandy and she went white when Mr Renver told her. But he said there was no cause for panic. Mr Galway knew who the people were and being a big wheel could exert pressure to prevent what was proposed. So there was no real problem. Only ... Mr Renver did recommend to Mandy that if she wanted Mr Galway to do this on her behalf she should show her appreciation. By being nice and friendly to that gentleman.

Let him take her over his lap and spank those juicy moons. Yes that would really put Mr Galway in the right mood.

And what Mr Galway would like as a show of friendliness was for her to let him smack her bottom. Her bare bottom of course. Let him take her over his lap and spank those juicy moons. Yes that would really put Mr Galway in the right mood. Because it seemed Mr Galway was very keen on spanking pretty girls' bare bottoms. And doing something about these prints **was** going to mean some effort on his part.

Mandy at once contacted her friend Diane to tell her of what had happened, and also what Mr Renver had advised. Diane was very sympathetic—there were some awful people about, weren't there? It wasn't clear if Diane was including Mr Galway in this category. Because she went on to recommend that Mandy agreed. Letting Mr Galway spank her bottom wasn't so awful, was it? Diane had let Mr Galway spank **her** bare bottom when she wanted a favour. It was only a jokey thing really. Wasn't it?

No! **It wasn't** a jokey thing! Not at all. The whole idea was awful, really sickening, for one thing. To Mandy at least. And also when she **had** finally forced herself to agree and to take her knickers down and get over Mr Galway's lap ... he did it **really hard**. Really **slamming his hand down!** Poor Mandy was in real tears when

she was finally allowed to stand up. Rather tottering, with the awful shock of it. Her poor bum **really stinging! Red hot! Humming!**

He had really wanted to get his hand in there, between the lovely girl's legs

Yes Raymond Galway **had** rather let himself go! He hadn't been able to resist belting his hand in on Mandy's mouth-watering bottom-globes. His hand splatting into the firm yet yielding silky flesh. **Fantastic!** Giving him a really stiff hard-on, what with a bit of fondling and feeling-up too. But nothing too venturesome in that line yet. He had really wanted to get his hand in there, between the lovely girl's legs. Get a nice feel of her cunt, but not this time. Next time though ...

Because naturally there **was** going to be a next time.

Mandy didn't appreciate that at first. She imagined that having undergone this sickening ordeal she was at least through with it. Awful Mr Galway would be happy with what he had done and that would be it. And really now after suffering in this shameful and painful way she didn't think she wanted any more of Mr Renver and his lecherous clients. Because Mandy had a good idea that others could be the same as Mr Galway given the opportunity.

No, Mandy didn't appreciate the situation at all. Not at first. But then she didn't realise that part of that awful action over Mr Galway's had been photographed by Mr Renver. Mandy **did** realise this when he showed her some prints.

'What d'you think? I just **couldn't resist** getting a couple of shots. Aren't they nice?'

They were **sickening!** It was all there! Mandy's bare bottom, with her knickers down and her skirt yanked up over her back. With Mr Galway's hand raised ... and making that dreadful contact. And she was quite recognisable! A couple of the shots showed her face quite clearly.

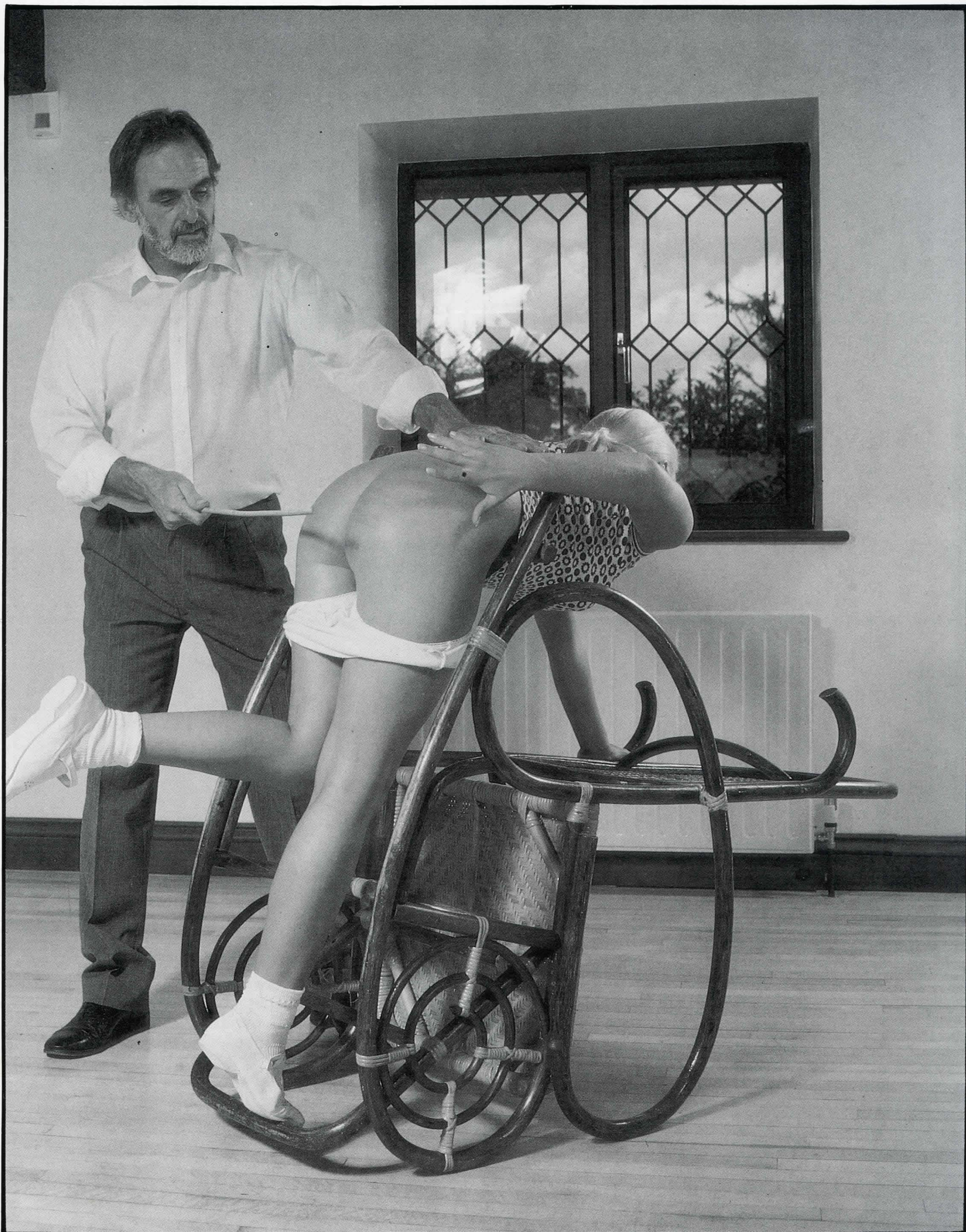
Mandy looked aghast at the photos and then burst into tears. Mr Renver moved in close and put his arm round her waist. And then quickly slid it down to the main focus of the



photographs. The juicy cheeks of Mandy's bottom. She squirmed away with a yelp but he closed in

going to use these shots. Not if you're a nice sweet sensible girl.'

'Shut up that racket!' Mr Renver told her sharply. 'Do you understand? Because if you're not sensible I won't



again, laughingly grabbing her.

'Don't be a silly girl Mandy. No one's

Still crying Mandy tried again to struggle away.

care what happens to those pics. They could end up in a mag. You could be in a magazine on the top

MODELS

We are always looking for new faces and bottoms for our magazines, so if you are interested in taking part in a future photo session, please get in touch. Male models of the past who we already know but have lost touch with will also be welcome as of course will any of the lovely girls.

Write with recent photo and if possible, phone number to:

BLUSHES PROMOTIONS, 15 WASTDALE ROAD,
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PRESS SALES, 15 WASTDALE ROAD,
FOREST HILL, LONDON SE23 1HN.

shelf of your local newsagent. Is that what you want?'

His hands reached for her big tits under the thin blouse. She yelped again and started to struggle but at another warning word stopped.

The worst of the crying stopped. Mr Renver pushed Mandy up against the table. His hands reached for her big tits under the thin blouse. She yelped again and started to struggle but at another warning word stopped. She was shaking all over but not fighting the hands.

'That's more like it.' Mr Renver's voice was softer. His hands gently squeezing the firmly jutting globes. 'Now, just to show me that you **are** going to be sensible ... I want you to show them to me. I want you to unbutton the blouse and then undo your bra. I want you to show me these lovely big tits. OK?'

Mandy breathed a shuddering '**No ..oo ..!**' Mr Renver gave her another harsh warning. Did she really want

her mother to see the shots? The locals all poring over them? Not of course that they amounted to anything, girls posed for bottom shots all the time. Her friend Diane for instance.

Mr Renver pulled the bra away and there they were. The big nude tits with their large half-erect deep-pink nipples staring at him

But clearly Mandy **didn't** want her mother to see them. It was unthinkable. And Mr Renver made clear he **wasn't** joking about showing him her tits. So Mandy's hands moved reluctantly to do this awful thing. Her blouse was unbuttoned. Her bra strap unfastened. Mr Renver pulled the bra away and there they were. The big nude tits with their large half-erect deep-pink nipples staring at him. His fingers took hold of them. Mandy gasped, shuddering.

'That's good. Aren't they lovely? And you're being a nice sensible girl at last. And now I'm going to do one

more test. So that you can prove you're **really** a sensible girl, and disciplined and all that. Do you know what that test is Mandy dear?'

She didn't know of course. Mr Renver, still playing with her erected nipples, told Mandy. He was going to cane her. She was going to slip her knickers down and then bend over the desk. He was going to give her four strokes with the cane on her bare bottom.

* * *

Mr Renver phoned Diane directly afterwards as he had promised, to tell her it had happened. Mandy had had her first caning. And no, she **hadn't** exactly enjoyed it!

Diane was beside herself. The first thing she did was to go up to her room and bring herself off. Because she couldn't wait! Her fingers urgently in at her hot clit. She came in seconds flat ... and then almost immediately a second one. Just slightly more in control she went down to phone the no doubt desperate Mandy. Mandy wasn't in. Possibly she was despairingly

walking the streets (hopefully nothing worse!) Diane kept calling and in half an hour Mandy did show up. Diane said she would come round and see her right away.

Yes poor Mandy was in a state! 'he c .. c .. caned me ..!'

Diane, eyes glittering, commiserated. Men could be awful, couldn't they? But a girl had to bear up, it wasn't the end of the world. Diane put her arms round Mandy who had begun to weep. Hugging her shaking friend. She pulled her down onto the settee. 'I know what you need,' Diane breathed ... and slid her

hand up under Mandy's skirt.

It was fantastic because Diane, though really wanting to, had never done it before. Judging correctly that Mandy would probably be shocked at the mere thought of it. But now it was different. Mandy **didn't** want it but Diane could **insist**. Mandy needed it. Needed a hand up there on her quivery cunt. Diane's hand.

Breathlessly, stroking Mandy's hot cunt now, Diane asked if Mr Renver had screwed her. Well he hadn't said so to Diane – but he could have anyway. No! The half frantic Mandy shook her head. That at least was

one horror she had not suffered. Diane wondered whether to tell her. That very probably Mr Renver would the next time. Not to mention some of the clients. Mr Galway certainly. Yes, it would be lovely to tell her – but also great to leave Mandy to find that out. Another nice little surprise! She told Mandy to get up for a moment ... so she could get her knickers down. She would tell Mandy about the caning though. Give her a better idea – of what Mr Galway for instance could do with a cane. Yes she would let Mandy know some of that ... after she had brought her off.

END



Another nice little surprise! She told Mandy to get up for a moment ... so she could get her knickers down. She would tell Mandy about the caning though

Mr Gannon's house is not too far from Mr Corfurd's. Another big house with a large pleasant garden. It is another nice day, this Sunday morning. Nice to be in this pretty, sunny garden. Except of course that it is Mr Gannon's garden.

Julie arrived 20 minutes ago, riding her bike again. Mr Gannon was

JULIE GREENAWAY TRIED AND



expecting her at nine o'clock and she made sure she was on time. It was going to be bad enough, it was bound to be, without possibly making him annoyed by being late. Mr Gannon who according to Mr Renby is the

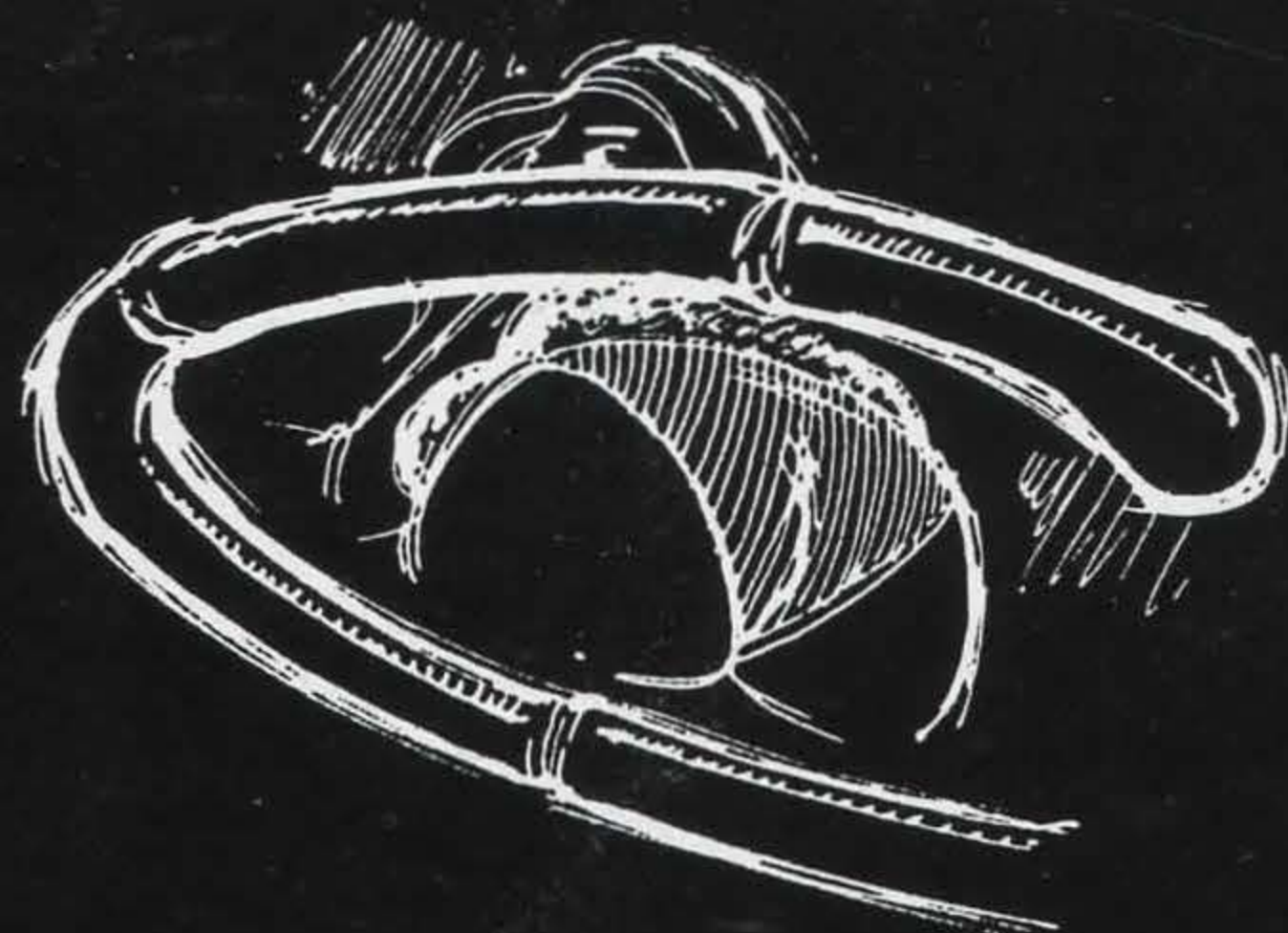
most important member of the Board of Governors. Apart possibly for Mr Corfurd who is Chairman.

'Ah Julie,' he said when she presented herself. 'Julie Greenaway, yes? And

what a pretty girl. They didn't tell me you were such a pretty girl. Look, go out in the garden, I'll join you in a moment.'

'Uh ... shall I put these on?' she

EENAWAY D TESTED



asked. Her black high heels. Julie had carried them in the basket of her bike. Wearing her other, more suitable shoes for riding the bike. But Mr Renby had said to wear her high heels for Mr Cannon, with stockings and a

suspender belt. She had the stockings on.

'Yes,' Mr Gannon said. 'Yes I should Nice and smart eh?'

So Julie has the heels on now, with her yellow top and pink patterned skirt. Out here in the garden with Mr Gannon. He is wearing a smart dark suit. Mr Gannon is perhaps Mr Corford's age but tall, distinguished



looking with smooth grey hair. He has to go out to church a bit later but won't be too long. Julie is to stay here and wait for him. She can stay in the garden if she want to as it's such a lovely morning, Mr Gannon says.

But she is not deceived. Mr Corfurd was pleasant sounding and charming too. But that didn't stop him

He is telling her what some of the plants are. With his hand round Julie's slim waist. Being pleasant and charming, with his cultured voice. He hasn't said anything yet about it. About why she is her. About Julie's need for discipline. Training. Or whatever he will call it. But she is not deceived. Mr Corfurd was pleasant sounding and charming too. But that didn't stop him. Giving her that awful spanking over his lap. And doing the other as well. Before and after. Doing that other with his hand. And also after all of that ... giving her a caning too.

So Julie is not deceived. She is certainly not relaxed by Mr Gannon's pleasant manner. Showing her round the garden. She is not taking any of it in, not really. The various plants and shrubs, the flowers. Because her mind only wants to think of what she is going to get. Whatever exactly it is, but it won't be nice. It will be awful. Dreadful. The cane? Probably. Another caning like yesterday. To teach her discipline. That cane over the arm of Mr Corfurd's chair. After he had done all that other.

It doesn't take too long. For Mr Gannon to start. While still talking about the flowers etc. To introduce the other business, the main business. Asking about yesterday. Mr Corfurd.

'Tell me about your visit to Mr Corfurd, Julie. Yesterday. How ... was that?'

'A ... Alright Sir.' But Juilie knows guesses, he wants details.

'Yes but what ... exactly?'

She has to tell him. Whether she likes it or not. 'He ...caned me. And ... spanked my bottom.'

'Ah ...' Yes that was more like what Mr Gannon wanted to hear.' Caned your bottom? Caned ... your **bare** bottom?'

'Ye ... Yes.'

Mr Gannon's hand, in perhaps a pavlovian kind of response to the word, slides down onto Julie's rear end. Onto the ripe cheeks on that pink skirt. 'Did it hurt?' he wonders.

'Ye ... esss Sir.' Would it help if she said it nearly killed her? Or at least that was how it felt.

To get the idea of discipline properly across. It is sometimes necessary to give a girl a good caning

'But sometimes it is necessary. Mmm? To get the idea of discipline properly across. It is sometimes necessary to give a girl a good caning. Across her bare bottom. Yes.'

Mr Gannon's hand is still at Julie's rear divisions. As they walk at a leisurely pace through the garden. His hand seems to have found a congenial home.

'Yes it is sometimes necessary, Julie. And in fact I *may decide it is necessary to do it myself. To cane you. To reinforce the message that Mr Corfurd gave you yesterday. For your own improvement **of course**. I mean you mustn't think I **enjoy** caning pretty 18-year-old girls on their bare bottoms. No, if I do it it will be very much as a **duty**. And equally so for anything else I may decide in this area. You do understand that, don't you my dear?'

Julie doesn't answer. She can't say what she thinks: that she doesn't believe him. That she is quite sure Mr Gannon **will** enjoy it. He plans to enjoy it. Like Mr Corfurd and Mr Renby. They all enjoy doing all this. Making her take her clothes off. And then ... doing things. The cane. And the rest.

Mr Gannon suddenly looks at his watch. He has to go off in a little while, to church, but he thinks there is time first. In fact he is sure there is. 'It doesn't take long, does it?' he smiles. 'Yes we will go in and ...'

In the drawing room Mr Gannon gives Julie a black academic gown. She is to take her top and skirt off and put on this gown. 'Right away, because he doesn't have a **lot** of time. Mr Gannon goes out.

She is standing nervously by the settee

It is a short, student-type gown which reaches to Julie's knees when she has it on. She is standing nervously by the

settee when Mr Ganon, after only a couple of minutes, returns.

'Ah lovely. That looks very nice. Let me see. Open it ... a little.'

Mr Gannon is sitting down on the settee. Julie parts the gown. She has removed her top and skirt as instructed and is in brief white knickers and bra and suspender belt.

'Very nice. A lovely girl. Yes, but we do need as I say ... Lift the gown up, Julie, and get yourself over here. My lap. We'll just have ... before I go out ... a quick spanking ...'

Face-down across Mr Gannon's lap. As she was yesterday across Mr Corfurd's lap, only then she had just her bra on. It obviously depends on what they fancy. With Mr Gannon it is this outfit. He has pulled the gown up round her waist and is pulling down Julie's knickers. He wanted her knickers on ... so that he could pull them down. Whereas Mr Corfurd ... wanted her bottom already bare. What ... is Mr Renby going to want? The thought flits into Julie's mind as Mr Gannon's hand, with her knickers now nicely down round Julie's thighs, does some fondling and stroking. The smooth and warm bottom-flesh. His fingers drifting into the cleft as they slide over the swelling spheres. Drifting in underneath. But not ... like Mr Corfurd. Not like Mr Corfurd ... going straight for it. Mr Gannon's caressing hand does not like Mr Corfurd's reach straight away for Julie's cunt.

No. Not now at least. Because for one thing Mr Gannon has to go out. To church. And he does want to give Julie a spanking. So after only that general fondling, feeling-up, which nonetheless has Julie agitatedly gasping in anticipation, Mr Gannon desists and begins the other. Hard, crisp smacks to her unprotected rear. Which bring sharper, more urgent, gasps, yelps and whatever. Because Mr Gannon is laying in with all the strength he can muster. That is a thing about spanking: it is possible to do it **full force** without any real fear of damage. Whereas with a cane it is necessary to use a little restraint.

Julie has a bright red, glowing rear by the time Mr Gannon decides it is necessary to stop. He is a church warden so his presence **is** required. Yes, James Gannon is a highly respected member of the community.



He is known as a community-minded individual. Although certain aspects of his interest in the community — his interest in the discipline of girls at the College for instance — are not widely known. It will not be known that this morning, while attending church, he has this most attractive first-year student awaiting his return. Clothed in an academic gown and with only her underwear under it. Naturally. Well, it could be misinterpreted.

Mr Gannon will not be long, and will be returning immediately. Julie can be reasonably sure of that. Meanwhile she can go out in the garden again. It is a lovely garden and also a lovely day. Outside, with her still glowing bottom (Mr Gannon **has** spanked it with all his force), Julie can only wait for what else is to come. She does not know how long Mr Gannon is going to want her. Mr Renby said she would have to see, it could be all

day. Then grinning, 'Maybe for the night. I don't know, you'll have to see.' Julie assumed that was a joke. It **had** to be a joke. Maybe Mr Gannon would only want her for the morning. Mr Corfurd yesterday let Julie go at lunch time. Mr Gannon surely **wouldn't** want her all day.

But ... he hadn't caned her yet. Just that spanking, which was pretty awful. But Julie knew he was going to want to cane her. She **knew** it. That spanking was just a start, a preliminary. He said as much. He is going to want to cane her when he gets back. But maybe .. Mr Gannon will

do it and then she can go, her ordeal will be over. That will be it for this weekend.

Well that won't be so bad. Will it? Julie wanders somewhat aimlessly in the garden holding the gown tight round herself. Not that anyone can

see her here, Mr Gannon's garden is enclosed, quite private. But still, Julie would not like to be out here without the gown on. In just her knickers and bra, and suspender belt and stockings and the high heels. If she gets a caning and then can go ... it won't be so bad. Although the cane ... is diabolical.



It was diabolical yesterday. Over the arm of Mr Corfurd's chair, her face down in the seat and her bared bottom up over the arm. It was dreadful, the slicing pain of it making her think she was going to die. And it will be the same with Mr Gannon. Julie shivers in the tight-wrapped

gown although it is warm out here in the bright sunshine. But if it is over quickly and she can go. She will give Steve a ring and they can do something. Maybe go to Steve's place and she'll let him do it. Screw her. On his bed. Yes. Julie doesn't always let him but ... she will need it after the

caning. Need something. Steve. His big stiff thing.

* * *

But is Mr Gannon going to let Julie go quickly? Give her a quick and no doubt very painful caning but at least







get it over with and then let her go? It is not clear when Mr Gannon gets back. His big car crunching up the gravel driveway and then Mr Gannon appearing across the lawn.

'Ah there you are, Julie. Have you been amusing yourself?'

He tells her to take the gown off. Here in the garden. Which Julie does not like to do but she has no choice. She holds it dangling in one hand as Mr Gannon comes in close. He asks how her bottom feels, his hand reaching round to stroke it through the tight, brief knickers.

Julie half whispers 'OK.' The spanking was long enough ago for the sting of it to have gone but Mr Gannon's hand and his question bring it vividly back into focus in her mind. And with it the thought of the other. Which Julie is sure she is now going to get. The cane.



Mr Gannon, fondling Julie's bottom through the tight knickers, softly tells her to take them off. Her knickers. Take them off here on the lawn in front of the house. Julie looks unhappily around. It is bad enough standing there in just her underthings

house.

Mr Gannon slaps Julie's bottom. 'Come on. Get them off, and then ... can you do a handstand? I'm sure you can. You look like a fit and athletic girl. A handstand ... I can steady you

It is a test of discipline because clearly it is a very unpleasant thing to be made to do. Julie can do a handstand, no problem, certainly if Mr Gannon will hold her legs when she is up. But being like that with no knickers on ... It is an awful thought, as bad in its way



but taking her knickers off is clearly a whole lot worse. The garden is quite private and there is no one here except Mr Gannon but ... you can still have a nasty feeling. Of eyes peering out from the shrubs all around. Or maybe from the blank windows of the

if necessary, hold your legs. But with your knickers off.' Face reddening Julie shakes her head. Mr Gannon slaps her bottom again, harder. 'It's a test of discipline,' he says. 'So come on. Right away.'

as the thought of the cane. Mr Gannon probably holding her legs apart .. so he can see every detail of her. Every detail between her legs.

'Come on, young lady,' Mr Gannon repeats. 'I can see you don't enjoy

disciplinary tests.'

At her first attempt she falls sprawling on the grass

Julie does it. Slips her knickers down and steps out of them. And then ... the handstand. At her first attempt she falls sprawling on the grass, because not wanting to do it she can't make herself put the proper effort

into it. Mr Gannon is annoyed. At her next try Julie forces herself to concentrate and try to do it. She does. Her legs kick up and Mr Gannon catches her ankles.

'That's better.' He holds her. Julie can feel that he's not holding her legs tight together. Her feet are apart ... and she can feel him swing them wider apart. Mr Gannon holds her like that.

With a clear, full view of her. Her cunt. A full view of her cunt. Julie's arms begin to tremble. Mr Gannon lets go and she collapses in a heap at his feet.

He pulls her up. Grinning at her. 'You didn't like doing that, did you?'

Scarlet-faced Julie doesn't answer. Mr Gannon reaches out and takes

hold of her bush. Her pussy. She yelps.

'You didn't want me to see this, did you? Eh Julie? Your cunt.'

Mr Gannon's use of that crude, blunt word adds to the little cameo he has engineered. The little cameo of shock



and embarrassemnt. Julie feels tears coming.

The tears well out and roll down her cheeks. 'It was just a test,' Mr Gannon says. 'A disciplinary test. And we need to have some more tests. We'll go inside now.'

They go in, Julie sniffing the tears away and carrying the gown and her knickers. She has to go upstairs, to a little attic bedroom. She is to take off

the stockings and suspender belt now and wait for Mr Gannon. He will come up shortly, when he's made a phone call. He will come ... to do some more disciplining.

This is going to be the caning. It is bound to be, Julie waiting in the little attic room tells herself. Unless Mr Gannon can think of some other horrendous thing. Like that awful handstand with him holding her legs



apart. Or perhaps it will be a caning with some other awful thing as well.

She will give Steve a ring and they can do something. Maybe go to Steve's place and she'll let him do it

And when is she going to be allowed to go? Who is Mr Gannon going to be through with her? He couldn't really ... keep her overnight? Could he? On this attic bedroom. No, he couldn't.

While attending church, he has this most attractive first-year student awaiting his return

END



She waited outside the heavy wooden door trying to hear what was going on inside the room at the other side. Her friend Kathy had preceded her and although she could not hear the mutterings of the initiating committee, she could not make head nor tail of what was actually being said. It had seemed an eternity since Kathy and she had requested membership of the exclusive set that they now wanted to join and they had been forewarned that the ceremony to which they had both been invited was not easy nor was it in some ways very pleasant! She knew that there would be some physical pain, and she had not had to guess too deeply what this meant...and there would be moments of discomfort. In the initiation she had been warned she would have to submit completely to the strict ritual of the sect and she would have to do so unerringly without question, protest or hesitation so it was not as though she was being forced against her will. And the rewards of being a member? There were plenty and more than enough. After this afternoon, she would belong, and Cynthia desperately wanted to belong. It was equally true that she did not particularly enjoy the idea that her curvy attractive young body would be the subject of their control and that she would have to be very submissive in her acceptance whilst undergoing the initiation, but one afternoon would not be so bad as all that even if they did raise her bottom to a high state of painful heat.

As the thoughts ran freely through her mind and as she tried to visualise what the initiation itself would be like, she thought she heard a sharp protesting cry as though one responding to pain. Cynthia smiled because there was no second outburst from the other side of the room...poor old Kathy had just begun and already they had caused her to yelp...she expected she would be the same and impatiently now, she turned from the door and waited on the other side.

She was surprised the initiation took so long, but after a full hour the door opened and a young girl came to meet her. The girl held a black velvet head band and told Cynthia that she had to be blindfolded. The shapely blonde was aware of the blind status and allowed herself to be completely blacked out. The girl who had come out to blindfold her then took her arm and led her through the large door. Cynthia was only aware that there was a crowd of youngsters like herself in this room but she let herself be led to what she imagined was the centre. When an obvious falsetto voice demanded that she take off her blouse and brassiere, she felt the tingling redness fill her face as she fumbled and took off her upper garments. When she was naked to the waist she felt her hands pulled behind her

and then discovered that she was bending over a piece of furniture on which her body was now pressing against and this made her legs tauter and tauter as her shapely bum became

CHASTISE

rounder and rounder. The falsetto voice asked her questions that were pertinent to the initiation and she gave the correct answers.

'Sister initiate, you will now ask very respectfully for your skirt to be removed.'

'Please...' she was angry that her voice was so dry. 'Please will you take my skirt off.'

She felt the fingers fumbling with the zipper at the side of her lower garment and then it was being tugged free of her body. After she had lifted her feet one at a time the skirt was pulled free. She did not like the enforced immobility of her wrists being pulled high so that she was made to bend so humiliatingly...

'Now the same request regarding your panties,' she heard the command.

Cynthia could not help a blush to fill her cheeks as she pleaded to have her panties taken down and then they too were removed.

'You are now in a state of nakedness and it is in this happy state that you will plead for admission and also for the enactment of your full initiation for membership.'

'Naked...ashamed' I would be grateful for the rest of the initiation ceremony to be performed so that I may be admitted a full member,' she choked.

As she bent so she felt the first physical contact of hands on her flesh. Her bottom was now being freely stroked and she could only remain bending as those hands felt the full moons of her shapely curved bottom. When a hand sneaked beneath her she felt her breasts being played with and the reaction was immediate. Fingers now joined the two pairs of hands and the intimate area of her sex was being touched. Six hands all on various parts of her body and she was overcoming her natural fear and humiliation and started to respond to a deep inner state of sexuality.

'Do you enjoy those hands stroking, caressing and squeezing you?'

'Yesss...oh yes,' she choked as fingers dipped into the soft tunnel of her vagina. She was getting hotter and hotter by now and discovered that her own body was betraying her as she thrust back to welcome both sets of hands on her bottom and her pussy.

'Bring the instrument that will cleanse all thought of sexuality from the initiate's body.'

The finger left her and she responded to the tingling fury of eroticas as her whole nerve system heated up in an aftermath of randy responses. She felt the coldness resting on her bottom and something inside her froze. This was the physical unpleasantness that she had been warned about. She gritted her teeth and they remained tightly clenched even when the paddler struck the rounded white skin of her bottom...again...again and yet again the paddler came down smarting her sensitive skin to a state of furious pain. It was about the ninth stroke that Cynthia found herself unable to hold back any more and her mouth opened as she yelled with the pain now throbbing over her skin. It was harsh and the fire was an intense furnace of sheer agony. As soon as she cried out the paddler ceased to stroke her. She realised that they would have stopped if she had called out earlier. As soon as the initiate yelped the paddling ceased! She felt the wrist cuff being released and slowly she stood up. Standing there she felt the cold lotion being smeared all over her buttocks and she welcomed the soothing cream even though it did not remove the deep pain itself...

'Help the initiate to her knees', she heard and sure grip hands pushed her to her knees.

'Mouth open initiate', she heard the snapping command and waited fretfully for what was to follow. Whatever she expected, she was surprised to feel the hot muscle of a man being eased into her mouth. When they told her to suck she obediently sucked the staunch firm muscle and liked the taste that filled her. She reached up and clasped the hips of the man now standing before her and then she was surprised when hands once again played with her breasts. Then the other fondling digits were at it again, behind and in front so that she was easily ascending the mountain of her erotic system. Hands stroked swiftly all over her accessible quim and her clitoris was throbbing as she rocked her head backwards and forward speedily over the stabbing muscle of the man's penis. Nothing mattered now...only the full sweetness of the sheer pleasure of her initiation. Then she felt the tool apparently swell even more so and her mouth was filled with the salty cream that her mouth had encouraged from the man himself. He withdrew and a cup of liquid was held

to her mouth. She rinsed several times until she tasted fresh once more...she went down on all fours now and thrust her backside back as hard as she could. 'The test of the dildo' she was warned and then fingers were smearing cream inside her orifice. She felt the large monument to the phallus being eased into the tight channel of her quim and without relaxing the thrust of her hindquarters she let the girl whoever was wearing the dildo perform miracles with it. She was almost up to her orgasm and then the girl stopped leaving her hips moving about automatically under the sensation of hungry sex. Remove the blindfold' and then she felt fingers releasing the buff off her eyes, she blinked when the light hit her optics and then looked around at the masked assembly...there were eight cloaked bodies and they each stood up and paraded in front of her kneeling figure. She watched in awe as each of the members opened the cloaks at the front and saw four male and four females. The tallest woman stepped forward and spread her legs.

'Crawl initiate and present your bottom for this,' she produced the thin cane.

Unhesitatingly Cynthia obeyed and felt six crisp though not cruel lashes leaping across her bending buttocks.

'Now turn round and pay oral tribute to my pussy,' she was told.

The tall figure did not really help but stayed still with legs well apart so that Cynthia had to crawl between the legs and force her face right up until the soft velvet crease was above her. She tasted the honey scented juices as soon as her tongue lapped along the ravine of the woman's cunt mouth...and then the slippery channel that had parted slightly when Cynthia proved it with her tongue. She made a sound as she felt her tongue dip into the oily aperture and made the tip of her tongue stiff to caress the inner smooth tube of the demanding woman's sex.

'Hard...get your tongue right in,' she heard the strangled demand and thrust forcefully.

'Whip,' she heard...'bring the leather across her arse.'

Again, fierce anger was brought across her tautly stretched buttocks and each time the strap caught her so she moaned into the soaking mouth of the quim which she was sucking and tasting furiously. She had never thought an orgasm was possible from a woman's cunt just by oral attention...but her mouth filled with juices and she swallowed them.

It was a good initiation, she confided in Kathy afterwards. Even though she did have to beg for more cane on her bottom. But at least they both now belonged...



Julie standing apprehensively by the inglenook fireplace. Apprehensively waiting. She has been here before, in this room. It has memories that make her shiver. Over there is that armchair where she was caned. Over its padded arm. Last Saturday. It is Mr Corfurd's chair and this is his sitting room. Where last Saturday Mr Corfurd caned her. And spanked her. Her bare bottom. And also did that other. His hand between her thighs when she was over his lap. Playing with her pussy. Getting her pussy all hot and desperate because when a man has his fingers on it, in it, with a girl helpless over his lap, she can't help getting all hot and desperate. So hot and desperate that finally she came. She couldn't help it. It was what Mr Corfurd wanted of course. Working at her until he had brought her off. And then as soon as she had come ... starting the spanking. It almost drove her out of her mind. And after that the cane.

the way of discipline. It is now Mr Renby's turn and he has Mr Corfurd's house, all nice and private. What is he going to want?

That is the big and awful question as Julie stands here and waits. With those memories of last weekend, Mr Corfurd, Mr Gannon, tumbling about in her head. Handstands on Mr Gannon's lawn. And that awful business up in that little attic room. All of it in sharp focus in her head. And now Mr Renby. Who will be back in here at any moment.

Julie is wearing a kind of schoolgirl gym outfit. A blue short-sleeved blouse and tight navy-blue gym knickers. Plus white ankle socks and black strap-over shoes. Mr Renby had these things waiting for her when she arrived, upstairs in the bedroom. No doubt this outfit is intended to make her feel silly, to embarrass her, because clearly at 18 you aren't going

just ... a private little nightmare world. And today, this morning ... it has to start again. Mr Renby ...

He comes in after a further five minutes or so. Julie's heart misses a beat. Or maybe two. She pulls herself straight, at attention. **Now.** Her ordeal is beginning **now** ...

Mr Renby is going over ... getting that wooden chair. Bringing it. He's going to cane her over it, Julie's frantic mind tells her. But for now at least ... Mr Renby is putting it down to sit on. Close in front of the fireplace.

'Come here.' He indicates a spot close in front of him. Julie steps forward. Panic surging in her now. Fear.

His hand strokes one bare thigh

'You weren't standing very smartly, Julie. Not when I came in. Not how I told you. You were slouching about

A HOT BOTTOM FOR JULIE GREENAWAY

All those memories filling Julie's mind and making her tremble as she waits here by the big fireplace. It has no fire in it, not a proper fire. Just the round electric fan heater. Mr Corfurd's room, his fireplace, but it is not Mr Corfurd who has told Julie to stand here and wait. It is Mr Renby. Mr Renby who is using Mr Corfurd's house, has borrowed it for today. Mr Corfurd has gone somewhere and has let Mr Renby use his house. Perhaps Mr Renby's own house is inconvenient, his wife is maybe at home?

It is just Mr Renby, to do whatever he wants

That is just Julie's guess. All she knows is that Mr Renby told her to come to Mr Corfurd's house and Mr Corfurd is not here. It is just Mr Renby, to do whatever he wants. In

to feel too happy in a little-girl outfit like this.

'Put those things on and go down and wait in the sitting room. Not sitting down, standing smartly, by the fireplace let's say. Got that?' Mr Renby had pinched Julie's bottom through her skirt. She squealed, 'Yes, yes Sir.'

How could she have such a mind-boggling weekend

She had been here for five minutes now. Waiting and with all those awful thoughts twirling around in her head. Nothing has already happened in the week since. Nothing unusual. It seemed to Julie that everyone **must** know. Somehow. How could she have such a mind-boggling weekend, such awful experiences, and people **not** know? But they don't. No one knows. Not Sarah or Steve, or anyone. It is

like I don't know what.' His hand strokes one bare thigh. 'Really I don't know what I'm going to do with you.'

Julie starts to babble something. That she **was** standing properly. Mr Renby's hand slides up. To the crotch of the tight gym knickers. One finger slides deliberately in along the line of her slit. 'No I really don't know.'

Then the hand grabs the crotch of the knickers. Tugging them down. Julie gives a little squeal as his hand catches some pussy hair as it pulls.

Mr Renby continues pulling the knickers by the crotch and they slide down. Down Julie's trembling thighs. Down to her knees. 'Now pull the blouse up,' he tells her. 'Up above your boobs.'

Julie has no bra on. Nothing under the

blouse just as there is nothing under the gym knickers. That is how Mr Renby said he wanted her when he took Julie upstairs and showed her the outfit. Nothing under it. She pulls the blouse right up. Baring her full, pink-nippled boobs.

Mr Renby slides his hand up. Tweaks one nipple and then the other. 'Not disciplined, are you, Julie? Mmmm?'

He fondled her boobs some more and then turns her. 'Put your arms behind your back.'

He holds her wrists behind her in his left hand. His right delivers a sharp smack to Julie's bare bottom. 'No. She's not at all a ...' **Smack!** 'disciplined ...' **Smack!** 'girl ...' **Smack!** ... **Smack!**... Are you, Julie?

She stammers some sort of answer.

'No you're not. Come on. Let's have you across my lap.'

Mr Renby pulls her down. Onto his lap. Julie's head low to the floor and her bottom nicely up. Last Saturday she was over Mr Corfurd's lap in this room and now it is Mr Renby. Last

Sunday it was over Mr Gannon's lap in that little attic room. Like this with her bottom bare. Mr Gannon doing what Mr Corfurd had done. Playing with her pussy.

She is yelping and spluttering as the hand continues to crack down



An involuntary 'Ooooff!' gasping from Julie's mouth. Mr Renby's hand has cracked in. Not doing any of the other, just belting in. The big hard hand knocking the breath out of her. And then again. She yelps. It is worse than those other two. Really hard. As bad as the cane. Is it? She is yelping and spluttering as the hand continues to crack down. As bad as that other? Mr Renby hasn't done the other. None of that ... at least. And it's

worse, that other.. Is it? Worse than this? Jesus, he's **killing** her. With that big, hard hand. That heavy arm. **Killing.**

'Yes, you need disciplining, Miss. Lots of it.'

Mr Renby has stopped. At last. She is panting for breath. Her bum raw, like a piece of raw meat. Mr Renby's hand slides over the red-hot spheres.





‘Don’t you, Miss?’

Julie lets out a strangled cry. Because Mr Renby’s hand has slid down there. In there. In between the tops of her thighs which have also received some of that same slamming hand and are glowing red like the cheeks of her bottom. The slamming hand is now groping. Grabbing her. Her pussy.

‘Too much of this, Miss. Is that it? Too much of your boyfriend. Eh? I suppose you’re doing it all the time. Every night. Letting him get up here like a randy ferret. That’s no good when a girl’s supposed to be studying. I think I should keep you locked up. Keep this hot thing locked up.’

She is yelping and writhing but Mr Renby has a firm grip of her with his

left hand while his right is at her. At Julie’s hot and wet pussy. As he says these awful things. Julie’s writhings finally release her. Or maybe Mr Renby’s has relaxed that left arm. At any rate she eventually rolls off his lap. Sliding down with her knickers still tangled round her knees on the floor.

Mr Renby gives her a push with his shoe. Julie makes a whimpering sound. What with that awful spanking and then on top of it Mr Renby's hand doing that other business she scarcely knows what's happening. Her brain isn't functioning. She struggles to get to her feet.

'Is it still hot, Julie? That thing. Maybe we should make sure it stays nice and hot if that's how you like it. Eh? Sit it on the heater. So that it stays nicely on the boil. Come on.'

She splutters something. Mr Renby is pulling her to her feet. Julie has not

really grasped what he has said but Mr Renby is pulling the fan heater over. Then taking her by the arm. She realises ... 'No ... Pl .. Please.'

But he is pushing her down on it. With her knickers still down. Julie's bare and still hot bottom coming into



contact with the even hotter round metal top of the heater. 'Aaooouuuwwhh ...!' It is really burning. 'No ...!'

'No! it's burning!' she yelps. 'Aaooouuuwwhh ...!'

Mr Renby watches with an amused

mind. Think of that. Tell yourself you haven't got a hot bottom at all. Or a hot pussy. Tell yourself you're just imagining it. That's what self-control



'Just sit on it,' Mr Renby says grimly. 'Sit there. Keep it nice and hot. That hot pussy. Eh?'

expression as Julie gasps and squirms. 'That's just what you need, my girl. A lesson in self-control. It's all in the

and discipline are all about. Mind over matter.'



'It's **killing** me,' Julie squeals. 'Aaayyaaaouuwww ...!' She suddenly lurches forward. Off of the heater.

Mr Renby gets to his feet. Not looking too pleased. Julie, standing now, is writhing about and tentatively fingering her burning bum.

'Did I say you could get up? Did I?' Mr Renby smacks at the back of one quivering thigh. 'OK. If you're too hot we'll do something about it. Upstairs. For a nice cold bath. That'll cool you off. Double quick eh?'

And that is what he does. Marches Julie upstairs and then filling the bath with cold water. **Freezing** water. And then making Julie take everything off and get in. It is diabolical. Frantic shrieks rend the air.

'Don't you like it, Miss? But I thought you were too hot. You don't seem to know what you are. Look if I let you get out I'm going to have to warm you up again. Is that OK?'

Anything is better than this bath full of freezing water. Or so it seems when

you're in it. 'Yes!' she yelps. Mr Renby pulls Julie out and gives her a towel. She can dry herself. And then he is going to warm her up again. That dreadful fan heater, that is what Julie thinks. But it is not that this time. It is ... the cane.

She has to lie over the side of the bed. Presenting her unprotected rear

Mr Renby takes her into a bedroom. Julie is nude, after that all too invigorating bath. Her body glowing pinkly. And it is about to be glowing







even more. Or the rear end of it is at least. She has to lie over the side of the bed. Presenting her unprotected rear. 'No ...!' she wails.

Mr Renby fondles it. 'Oh yes, Julie. You were cold remember. Freezing. And we can't have that. Now keep still ... while I warm this up for you.'

THWACKK...!

A high-pitched, desperate yell, As the cane slices in. Is it a more desperate yell than those others: when Julie was sitting on the heater, or in that awful bath? It is not easy to compare these things.

THWACKK...!

A second anguished cry. And a little bit later a third in response to a third wristy cut. But then Mr Renby stops. Puts down the cane and sits himself down on the bed. Well, three with the cane is not so bad, once a girl has recovered from the initial shock, the immediate cutting pain. Julie is still lying across the bed, her face in the cover. As Mr Renby's hand slides gently over the silky flesh of her nude back. And then down onto the smarting cheeks.

As Mr Renby's hand engages in this not too unpleasant action (certainly in the context of what has gone before not **at all** unpleasant) he begins to speak. Softly, caressingly, a fitting counterpart to his hand. Regarding the way things should progress from

here. He is speaking softly but Julie though her head is in the covers still can hear alright. Can hear what he is saying and catch the drift of it. What Mr Renby is suggesting. And really it does not sound such a bad option. If you think about it. And you don't really have to think about it for very long.

Compared to that red-hot heater and the freezing bath. And of course the red-hot cane. No, compared to any of these getting into the bed, under the snug cover, with Mr Renby is not a bad option at all.

END

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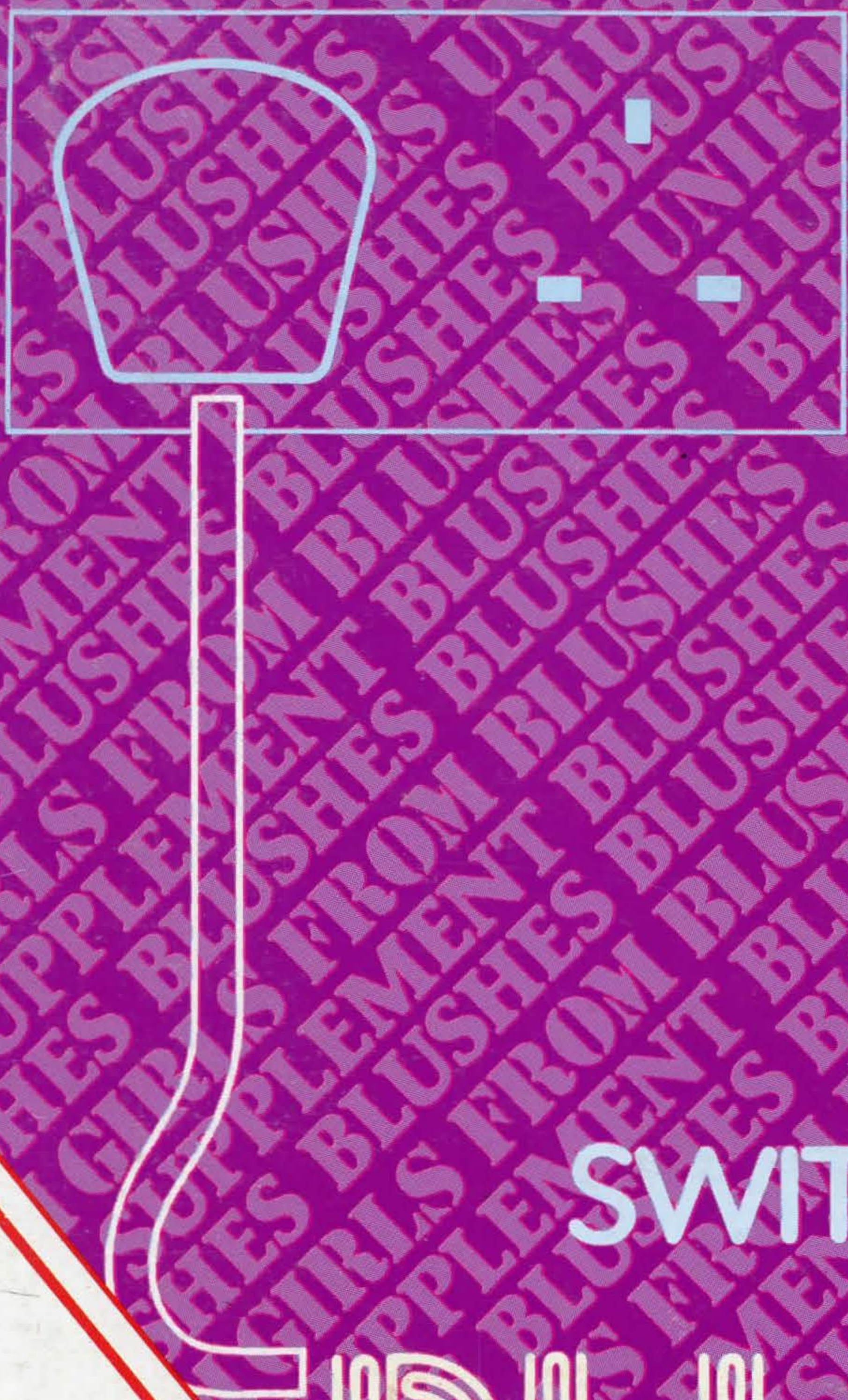
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